

REMINISCENCES
OF A
DENTAL SURGEON



JOSEPH SNAPE



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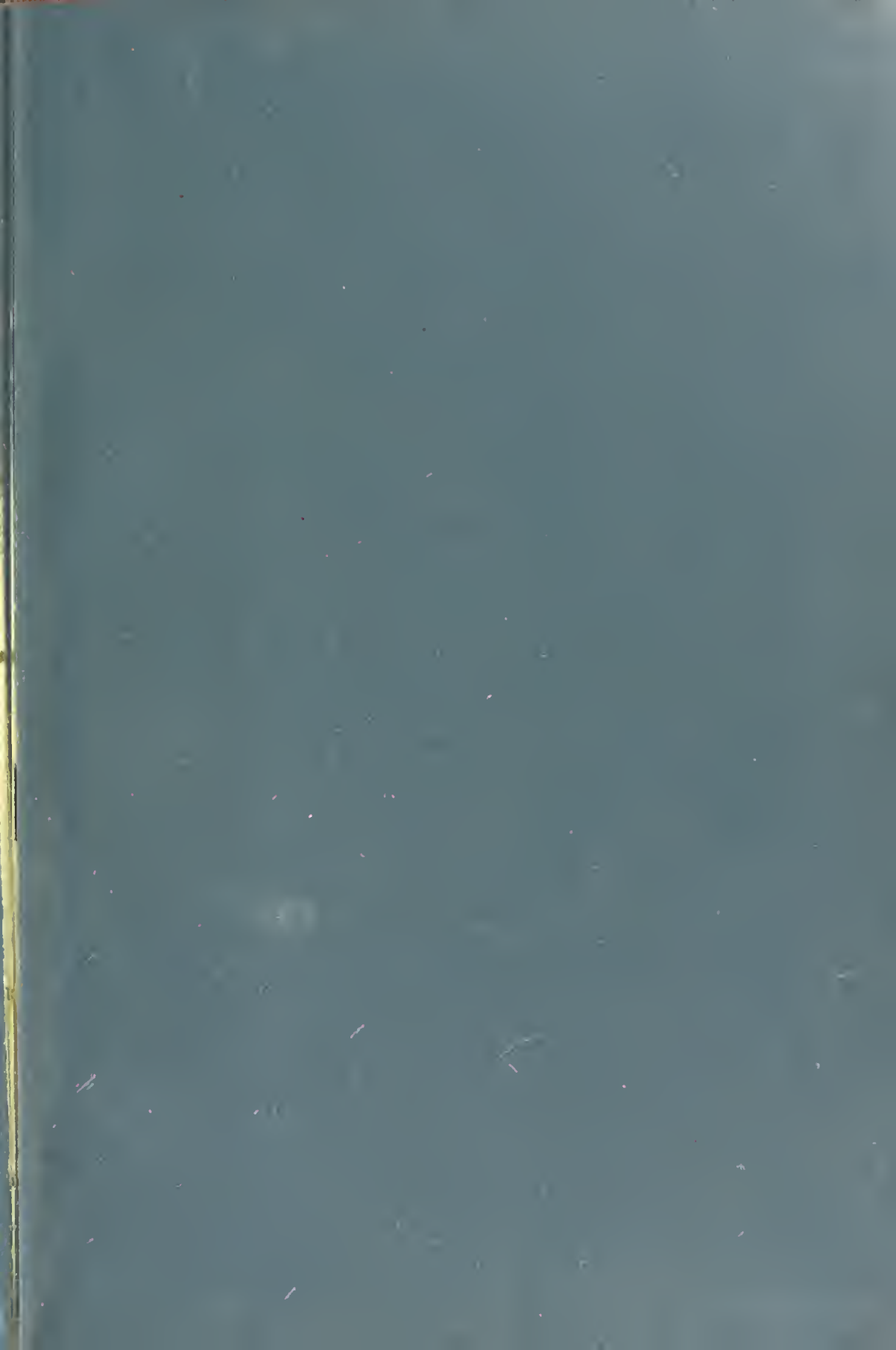
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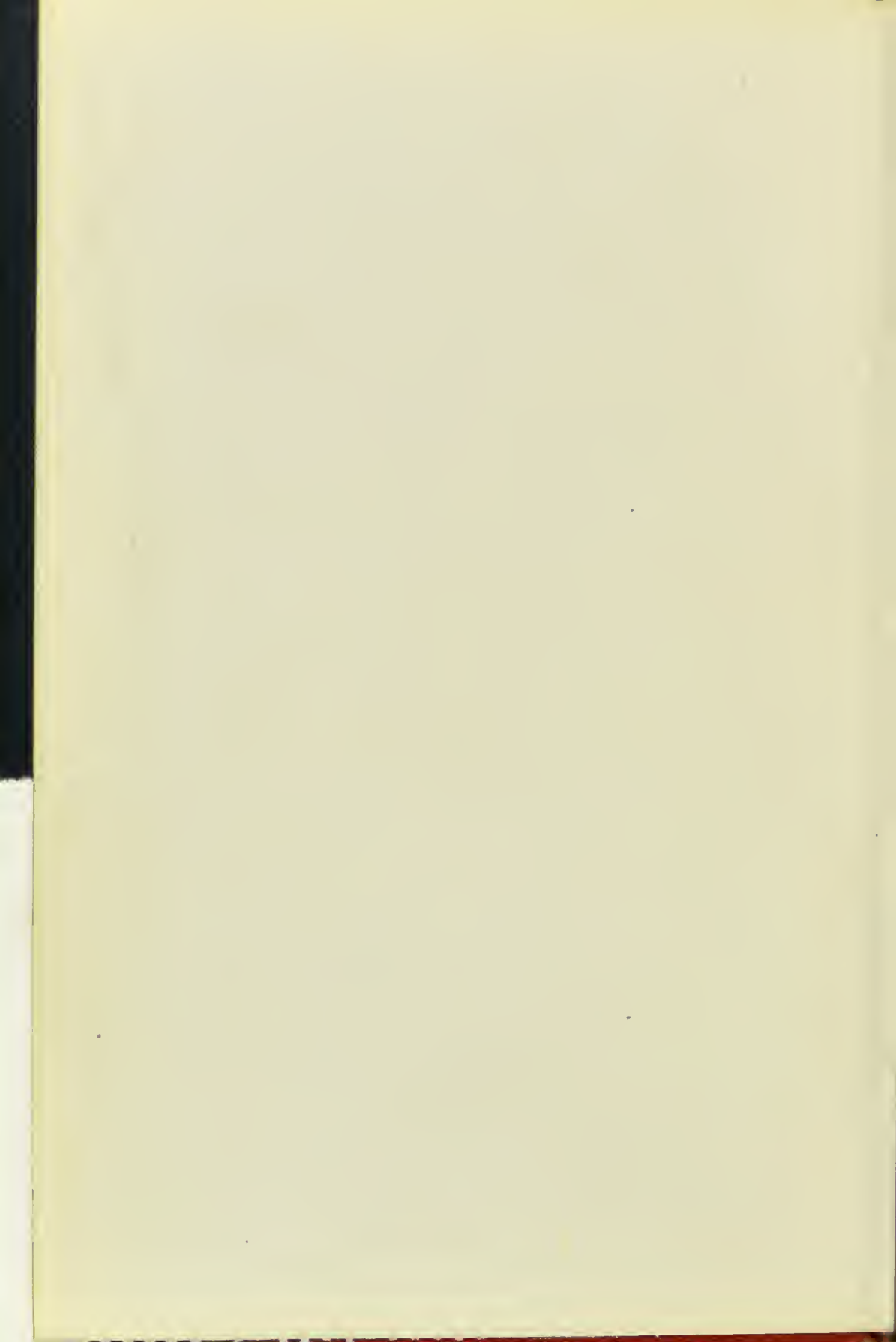
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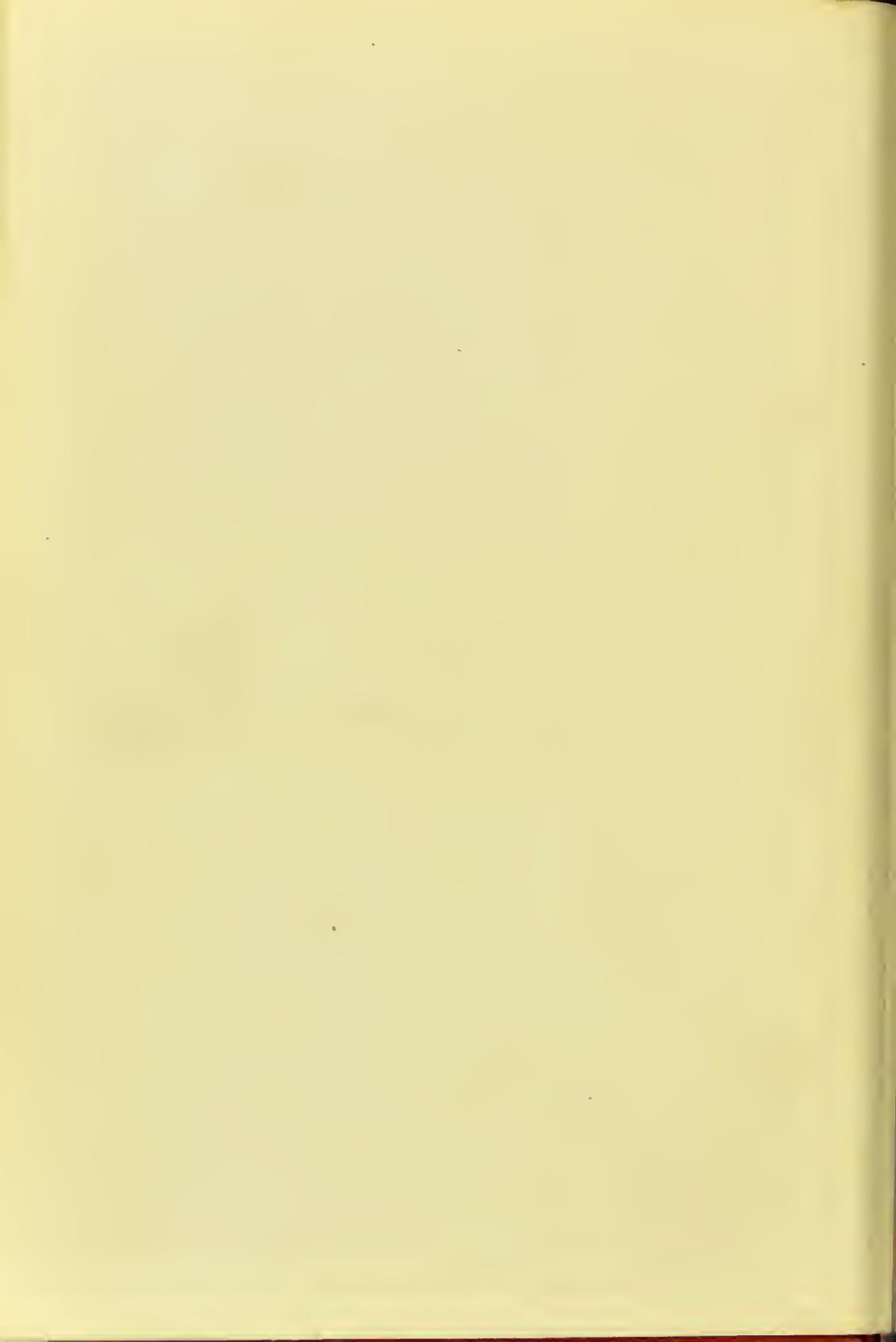


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OF A
DENTAL SURGEON



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OF A
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PREFATORY.

In offering these pages to the public, the author is actuated by a desire to diminish in some degree the terror the word Dentist is apt to conjure up in the minds of many persons, especially the young; although from the tales told us of the rough, ready, and consequently painful operations of our forefathers, and the still more appalling narratives of the bunglings of the present-day charlatans, we need hardly wonder at the trepidation shared by all who may be invited to take a seat in the particularly easy, but ominous looking chair that constitutes an invariable item in the furniture of a dentist's operating room.

Each revolution of the world brings to all the arts and sciences increased knowledge, new appliances, and consequently more resources; dental surgery having been enriched by its full quota. It is satisfactory to know that now-a-days many operations on the teeth, if discriminately and judiciously performed, give no pain, and where it cannot be entirely avoided, has been vastly diminished in its severity.

Most persons, it may be presumed, are aware of the fact that the general health, in a great measure, depends upon the manner in which the teeth perform

their office of mastication, and how necessary it is, on that account, they should be carefully attended to ; and so keenly alive is the author of these pages to the important part the teeth play in the animal economy, that he subjoins the following incidents in his career as a dental surgeon, in order that the fears of timid sufferers may be allayed, and to show that unpleasant apprehension, often worse than actual pain, is not unfrequently metamorphosed into an amusing episode. Above all, he desires to demonstrate that many anomalous and intractible disorders in remote parts of the body, are often occasioned through nervous sympathy, by diseased, or otherwise abnormal condition of the teeth.

It must be clearly understood that although the facts related in the following Reminiscences are strictly true, yet, for obvious reasons, where names are mentioned, they, with the exception of the author's, are all fictitious.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DE BUSH AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS . . .	1
---	---

CHAPTER II.

A LADY IN DISTRESS	9
------------------------------	---

CHAPTER III.

"THE DREAM"—A RAPID JOURNEY TO THE ANDES .	20
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

PERIPATETIC LECTURES	26
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

PARKGATE	37
--------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

EPILEPSY	44
--------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

ELECTRICITY	56
-----------------------	----

CONTENTS.

viii

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO IRELAND	69
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

NERVOUS PATIENTS, AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN	88
---	----

CHAPTER X.

A LADY FROM BOLTON	100
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING CAKE	107
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE POWER OF A NEW BONNET	112
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

"THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE ME!"	119
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST	123
--------------------	-----

CHAPTER I.

MR. DE BUSH AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

HAVING received instructions in every branch of Dentistry from various practitioners, I was anxious before commencing professionally on my own account to have a lesson from Mr. De Bush, of Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,—a man famous for the beauty and durability of his gold stoppings.

Through the good offices of a friend, I obtained an introduction, and to my great delight, De Bush acceded to my request to give me one day's instruction, for which I was to pay a fee of fifty pounds; this my friend thought an enormous premium for so short an apprenticeship: I thought differently.

At this date, De Bush was about fifty years of age, of medium height, rather inclined to be stout, with a round good-humoured

countenance, and a merry twinkle lurking in his shrewd eye ; I afterwards found him to be the most comical, incomprehensible, good-natured fellow possible.

Upon calling to receive my instruction, I was shown into a private room, where he speedily joined me. He was attired in a grey dressing-gown, and wore a fez of crimson cloth.

After his first salutation he said—" Vell, have you got your vifty pounds." " I have." " Ver goot." I handed him the money in five pound notes, which he closely examined, rolled up, and deposited in his pocket, and buttoned up that receptacle ; drawing his dressing-gown round him, tied it tightly with the cord attached.

He then turned his back on me, and snapping his fingers made the following encouraging remark :—

" Dere is not vun man in vive hundred dat can learn to stop a toot." Thereupon I collared him with both hands, to give due emphasis to my

words, and replied—"If there is only one man in five thousand that can learn to stop a tooth, I will be that man if you fulfil your compact, and I will make you do that.*

"Vel, vel," he said, patting me on the shoulder, "I like your pluck; ve shall see, there is a patient waiting for you in the leetle operating room, and I shall vatch vat you do."

He then described what I already knew—how the cavity must be thoroughly cleaned of all decay and otherwise prepared, and then he continued "When this is done, you must push in as much golt as it can possibly holt."

The following colloquy then took place:—

"I know all that."

"Then vat for did you give me vifty pounds?"

"I want to know more; I want to know whether the gold is to be inserted in the form of ribbons, ropes, or pellets, or in any other way?"

* An agreement had been drawn up that De Bush was to show me all that was necessary, and answer every question I thought proper.

“You can put in your golt in ribbons, ropes, or pellets ; or you can stuff it in as the Irishman stops with a rag the broken window of his cabin, but you must push in as mush golt as it can possibly holt.”

“Again I say I know all that,”—

“Vat for then did you give me vifty pounds ?”

“I want to know more than that.”

“More den dat ?”

“Yes, much more.”

“Vel, den, when you have got as mush golt in as it can possibly holt you must go to work and push in twice as much more.”

This was the secret of his success—he could put more gold into the cavity of a tooth than any of his fellow practitioners.

“Now, sir, go to vork, and let me see.”

He stood by me whilst I prepared the cavity, saying, every now and then, “Ver goot, ver goot ;” but when I began to introduce the gold he

walked away, saying, "Tell me ven you have finished."

I filled the tooth to the best of my ability, and then said, "Now, sir, it is filled."

"As mush golt as it can holt?"

"Yes."

"And twice as mush more?"

"No."

"But I told you to push in twice as mush more."

"And I gave you fifty pounds to show me how to do it."

"Oh! dats vat for you give me vifty pounds. Vel, den, come here young man;" and he opened a drawer containing stopping instruments in great variety, and some of them of unusual strength.

"Vat you see?" he asked me.

"I see some very nice tools."

"Yes, workman's tools."

He took one very fine pointed one, and inserting it into my stopping soon reached the bottom

of the cavity, then inserted a larger instrument into the cavity he had just made in the gold ; and in this wise one instrument after another was used until the interior of the cavity seemed to be merely lined with a piece of thick gold foil. He then called for some gold, and began to fill the hollow he had thus made.

I had no difficulty in grasping the principle of De Bush's successful practice, and felt that care and experience were alone wanted to enable me to do what I had so much admired.

"Vel," asked De Bush, "vat you see?" "I see," was my reply, "that I have got my fifty pounds back."

And during my day of apprenticeship I filled several teeth with an ease and success I had scarcely dreamed of.

When my lesson was finished, I put out my hand to say good-bye, he detained me, saying, "You must not go yet—you must dine vid me to-day, and we shall have ducks for dinner." So I remained,

dined on ducks, which were stuffed with sage and onions, and served with apple sauce, and red cabbage boiled in vinegar.

The acquaintance thus auspiciously commenced ripened into sincere friendship—and although, after a year or two, De Bush went to America, our intercourse only ceased with the death of my old master.

De Bush was an enthusiast, and had the greatest contempt for a man who thought he could be anything, or do anything because he had money.

No sooner, therefore, did he discover that I was seriously determined to master the nicest details of my profession, than he took the greatest interest in entering into the minutiae of dental surgery. His knowledge of men, of countries and things in general, excited my interest ; and the accounts he gave me of his travels and adventures, afforded me many an evening's entertainment such as I had not enjoyed before.

While listening to his amusing recollections,

sipping rum-punch of his own particular brewing, and puffing away at a very good cigar—time seemed to stand still—only *seemed* to stand, alas!—for to my astonishment the clock chimed eleven, when I thought it was not later than nine. Just as I was about to take my departure a severe thunderstorm broke overhead, and De Bush would not listen to my going, but pressed me to stay all night, saying, “You shall sleep in von leetle room which is next to mine.” I stayed the night, during which an incident occurred which afforded me considerable amusement, the details of it will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A LADY IN DISTRESS.

RETIRING to bed a little after midnight, I had not been long asleep before I was suddenly awakened by the ringing of the door bell.

When an assistant to a general practitioner, the night-bell was to me as bad as the nightmare ; and when I turned my attention to dental surgery I had fondly hoped to escape this annoyance, and it being the first time I had ever slept under a dentist's roof I certainly felt chagrined at it. I experienced, however, a temporary satisfaction in knowing that it was not my province to attend to the summons ; neither did anyone else seem to take notice, until several rings had succeeded one another, when I heard my kind host's window open, and his voice calling out, " Vat for you ring my bell." I then heard a woman's voice say something I could not catch ; his answer was, " My

hours are from ten till four, I shall not come down for de king."

As my curiosity was excited, I got out of bed and, quietly raising the blind, I found the storm had passed away; and in the moonlight, standing on the wet pavement, I discovered the figure of a lady opposite De Bush's window evidently imploring him to come down. My curiosity still more excited, I carefully opened the window a little, so as to ascertain what was the matter, when I heard the following conversation:—

"Oh, sir, if you please do come down; you have no idea of the consequence your delay will cause me; I must speak with you at once."

"Vel, madam, you must speak vere you are, for I shall not come down for de king."

The lady looked round, and seeing no one in the immediate vicinity, approached as near the window as she could, and speaking in an undertone, she reminded De Bush that three or four years since, she had been a patient of his—and at that

time he inserted four artificial teeth in the front of her mouth ; subsequently she married, but had never told her husband that her teeth were artificial.

That night he was detained at his club by the storm, and having taken more wine than he was accustomed to, came home late, and in a condition which rendered it necessary to assist him up stairs; and whilst engaged in this arduous undertaking the teeth were displaced, fell from her mouth, got trodden under foot and were rendered useless. What she now wanted particularly to inform him, was, that she intended bringing her husband with her the next morning in order that she might have some new ones—and implored him on no account to betray her secret, namely, that the teeth knocked out were artificial.

“ Ver goot, Madam, ver goot, I shall keep your secret, and you may depend upon my prudence. Goot night, madam, remember my hours are from ten till four.”

I tumbled into bed again, and slept until I heard a knocking at the door with the announcement, "Eight o'clock, sir, and hot water at the door."

At breakfast, I remarked to my host, "You had a late visitor last night, are you often called up in the night?"

"Called up! I would not get up for de king."

"But you had a late visitor last night," I persisted.

"Oh, yes, but such cases do not often occur—it is a peculiar case." Then he related the substance of the conversation already given. "They will be here dis morning," he added, "and you will be amuse."

In the operating room chosen for their reception a workboard was fixed opposite one of the windows, to be used occasionally when any little mechanical alteration was required. It was arranged that I should seat myself at this board professedly at work, and he said, "I shall call you my son."

About noon a hackney coach drove up to the door, and a gentleman handed a lady out, who seemed to be an invalid, so closely was she muffled about the mouth, and was further enveloped in a thick veil.

"Here comes my patient," said De Bush ; "Now mind, don't you laugh," The way the caution was given was enough to excite disobedience, and how I sat through the scene without rupturing some vessel by reason of my suppressed merriment I cannot tell.

With a low bow he accosted the interesting invalid in the following manner :—

"I see you are de patient, take a seat if you please."

He then assisted her to take off her wraps, and next inquired what was the matter. She told him that, owing to an accident, she had lost four of her front teeth, and she wanted them replaced.

"Open your mout," he said ; and after he had inspected it he drew back a pace or two, exclaiming,

“Oh, mein Got! horse kick? horse kick?” He then took another look, and with a naturally assumed expression of distress, turned to her husband and repeated his inquiry: “Horse kick?” and this so repeatedly that the poor man had to confess that, on the previous evening, he got what the Scotch call a ‘little fou,’ and by some means or other—he could not tell how—he had knocked his wife’s teeth out.

“But,” said the lady, “You must please to understand, Mr. De Bush, he did not do so intentionally: and you know, Tom, dear, they were a little loose.”

“Never mind, never mind,” interrupted the husband, in a tone of subdued anguish; “If you will only put her some new ones in, and make her comfortable, I do not mind what I pay you.”

“Vel, sir,” said De Bush, turning and glancing knowingly at me; “Make yourself quite easy on that score, for such are the resources of my art I shall be able to make your wife as perfect as she was the day you married her.”

When I heard De Bush utter these words with fervid seriousness, and all imaginable gravity, I disappeared as quickly as I could, unable any longer to witness the scene without visible amusement; and rushing to my bedroom, buried my face in a pillow, and laughed till my sides ached.

In two days the teeth were finished; and when inserted gave great satisfaction to the wife, and delight to the husband. "Now," said the elated and relieved man, "What is your fee?"

"Ten pounds," said De Bush.

"Thanks. But as we are more obliged to you than we can tell, let us call it fifteen pounds.

De Bush, however, steadfastly refused to take the extra five.

"Then give it to your son," said the lady.

"There, sir," I said, "You hear that."

"Oh, by gosh, then you shall have it."

Mrs. De Bush was at this time on the Continent, superintending the education of her daughters; and De Bush, feeling lonely, persuaded

me day after day to stay, until my visit lasted several weeks ; during which time he invariably introduced me to his patients as his son. And when there was any professional work to be done he did not care about, he deputed his son to the task, the son offering no objection, on the tacit understanding that he pocketed the fees.

As I have remarked already, De Bush was a delightful companion ; a man of varied accomplishments, speaking and writing several languages fluently.

Many of his young lady patients especially plied him with questions, in order to enjoy the amusement of his replies, and often his gentle querists found, although the answer from the oracle was prompt, the questioner was as much in the dark as before. As I write from memory I can only recall one or two questions and answers, but they will suffice to illustrate the characteristics of the man.

“ Why is it, Mr. De Bush, that my teeth are so fragile, and liable to decay ; whilst my cousin,

who is about my age, and has lived with me from infancy, sharing the same diet with me, has all her teeth perfectly sound?"

The reply came in Pope's lines :—

"Ask of thy mother earth why oaks are made,
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade."

Another young lady asked, "How it was her teeth were so delicate, as her father, mother, and grandfather had very good teeth?" His answer was :—

"Your great grandfather vos a ver vicked old man!"

"How do you know?"

"Does not de Bible tell us dat de sins of de fathers are visited upon de children of de tird and fourt generation, and you are de tird and catch it first."

Another young lady made the following inquiry :—"What countryman are you, Mr. De Bush?"

"Countryman of de vorld."

“ But where were you born ?”

“ Born in de world.”

“ But what part of the world ?”

“ By gosh, it is so long since I forget.”

Whilst I was staying with him, he was invited to give a lecture on Electricity, at a philosophical institution at Wolverhampton. During the lecture he sowed some mustard and cress seed in a little wooden trough charged with electricity, and in the course of an hour it grew high enough to be cut. At the conclusion of the lecture, two old gentlemen, notorious busy-bodies, showed great indignation at what they called being imposed upon by having, what they considered, a sleight-of-hand trick palmed off upon them as a philosophical experiment ; and they occasioned some merriment by their inability to vent their wrath, in accents sufficiently articulate to be understood by the audience, owing to the loss of teeth. This circumstance was of course noted by De Bush, and narrated with great glee upon his return home.

The next morning, when he came down to breakfast, he exclaimed, "By Gosh! I have had such a dream, such a terrible dream;" and when he related it, I persuaded him to send it to one of the Wolverhampton papers, and in the next chapter will be found a verbatim copy. I cannot remember if he ever gave me an explanation of the mode of conducting the mustard and cress experiment. I had forgotten all about it, until one day, in looking over an old scrap book, I found in it a slip from the Wolverhampton paper, containing the dream.*

* Whether this was a genuine experiment I cannot tell. De Bush was so fond of fun, it is not unlikely some of his friends induced him to play off a trick to teaze the old gentlemen.

CHAPTER III.

"THE DREAM."

A RAPID JOURNEY TO THE ANDES.

ON one of those dark and gloomy evenings which distinguish the month of November, the wind and rain battering the windows of my study, a gentleman was announced, who (being in immediate want of my assistance) entered my workroom on a sudden, and expressed a wish for me to replace him an artificial *canine tooth* in the lower jaw of his mouth.

The manner, appearance, and address of this stranger was altogether as new as extraordinary. He wore a light green coat, with large flat gilt buttons, somewhat partaking of the Quaker cut. His waistcoat was scarlet, and his trousers of a grey drab texture. His face was long, of the oval shape, and his nose in proportion—but hooked. His hair thin, of a sandy colour bordering on red.

His eyes, or rather eye, for he had but one that seemed to do its duty—that eye, then, was a *terrible* one; its stare pierced me through and through, and quite subdued me with an awe, a fear, and submissiveness I never before experienced and truly hope I never shall again.

“Sir,” said he, “I understand you are a dentist of some repute, who can replace all kind of *teeth* and make them answer every purpose; observe well, I want a tooth here,” opening his mouth, which seemed to stretch from ear to ear. “A tooth,” he repeated, “exactly to match the one left on the other side; but mind, it must *match exactly*. Can you do it?”

The case appearing a very trifling one to me, I at once said “Yes!”

“Well, then,” said he, “go to work,” and accordingly to work I went.

In a little while after, I had a natural tooth arranged, the very counterpart of the one on the opposite side of his mouth. On coming near my

visitor to try it, open went his mouth without speaking a word ; but his eye—that terrible eye—stared at me, as if bidding me defiance of ever succeeding, and so it proved. For when I put my artificial tooth in its place, his own on the opposite side had elongated to double its size.

“No match, it won’t do,” said my unwelcome visitor, for as such I now began to look on him, “try again, but mind, you must match it.”

To work I went, and after some time came in with a second attempt of a larger tooth, in every respect proportionate to his, being about two inches long ; when comparing it, to my utter surprise, his tooth had then assumed a curved form of the unnatural size of about *ten inches*, in shape like the tusk of the hippopotamus.

“No match,” was again the reply, “try again.”

“I will try no more,” said I, “unless, sir, you keep your tooth to the same size I cannot match it.”

“Match it,” said my tormentor, and at the

same time his tooth elongated to the enormous size of ten feet, curved like a full-grown elephant's tusk.

"I match no more," said I, throwing down my tools and all I had in my hands, and off I went downstairs, round the yard, through the passage, my cruel tormentor close behind me, and anon sticking the point of his tremendous tusk in my rear, until on a sudden I got an advantage, and making a quick turn out in the street, ran as if it were for my life; when, coming near the end of the street, I met two old quondam friends.

"Oh!" said I, "gentlemen, assist me, for some fiend or devil is after me."

"What," said the one, "you believe in devils?"

"Hah! hah! hah!" said the other, pointing his finger at me; when immediately my infernal persecutor stood betwixt us, and in a moment (like the electric spark that makes cress and mustard grow) struck the point of his tremendous ten feet tusk in my softer part, and with the same

quickness wagged his tail and hoisted up my friends. There we were : I seated *en avant* on the tusk, and my two friends *en arrière sur la quene du diable*. Up we went, Wolverhampton disappeared in an instant from our view, mountains and valleys, villages, cities, lakes, seas, and continents, all were passed over with a rapidity “like an arrow cleaving the air”—(talk of steamers, railroads, ballooning—the Nassau balloon itself is all fudge compared to the rate we went)—until we were hovering some thousands of feet above Chimborazo. Then our infernal conductor took it in his head to slacken his speed, and veering, eagle-like, in a slow rotary motion—(the only time I could look back to see my two friends, who, by-the-by, did not seem to like their excursion more than myself)—in a voice of thunder that shook the summit of the stupendous chain of mountains underneath us, he, the devil, (for such he was) said —“Thou presumptuous pretender ! Thou vain and bungling tooth drawer ! Never attempt again

to make teeth for me, but make teeth for those of thy own species ;” and with a fantastic twirl of his tail he brought my two *compagnons du voyage* face to face before me (my two friends are wanting teeth, the one is completely toothless, and the other wants half-a-score) and bending his head and his tusk, on which I was seated, downwards, with a breath of brimstone blew me off my seat ! Down, down I went, over head and heels, turning, turning, and twisting for some thousands of feet towards mother earth. Whether my two friends followed me in the descent, or whether they went on further “by special favour,” the one to improve the accounts of poor-law unions and settle the affairs of nations, and the other to propound a new system of education in some other world, I do not know ; but after half-an-hour’s descent I was caught in the arms of a dear woman ; I lost all further recollection, and must have been senseless for some time. On recovering myself I lay in the arms of my wife and found I had been dreaming.

CHAPTER IV.

PERIPATETIC LECTURES.

WHILST staying with De Bush it was our custom to take a walk in the evening before dinner, and spend the end of each week at a little place in the country where he had some shooting. I enjoyed these outings very much, they were, in fact, a course of peripatetic lectures, original and, consequently, extremely interesting. De Bush was such an enthusiast, he allowed no circumstance to escape him, however trivial it might appear, that could possibly be made subservient in any way to his profession.

For instance, by the side of a country mansion, the grounds of which were beautifully laid out, we saw a farm labourer driving a bull up an ornamental sunk fence. The creature became nearly wild, and with a ferocious look tossed up its head, danced about in a most restive style, tearing up a

portion of the bank, greatly to its detriment. With some difficulty the animal was at length secured in a field beyond the house, after which, the man returned, and having replaced the disturbed clods, smoothed them in their places by pressing them with his foot, and then seeing that each one was in its proper place, turned and stamped them backwards until the damage was scarcely perceptible.

When we had watched the operation to its conclusion, De Bush enquired: "Did you keep your eyes open." "Yes." "Den you see how to condense golt in an interstitial cavity, I will show you to-morrow."

The following day he took an old stopping instrument, flattened it at the point, and bending it to an almost acute angle, filed it into the shape of a foot and chequered it, as he said, to show the hob nails.

More than forty years have passed since then, in the meantime, I have seen many modifications

of this instrument ; but none more efficient than the one extemporized by De Bush.

Once, when we were out shooting, a rabbit ran into a drain, formed by a small arch built opposite a gateway. As it seemed inclined to stay there a ferret was put in, and there they both remained. Having no spade or other implement to dig them out we waited some time, and then appealed to the keeper as to what was best to be done ?

"I'll manage it," he replied, and walked away up the lane, returning in a short time with a long rose briar stick. This he thrust into the drain, and twisting it about several times the spines took such a firm hold of the fur of the rabbit, and the ferret stuck so close to its victim, that both were withdrawn without difficulty.

"Do you see dat?" enquired De Bush. "Yes."
"Vel dat is de way to extract nerves. I vill show you to-morrow."

Next day I asked him how the man with the briar stick suggested to him the

idea of extracting nerves. He fetched a fine jeweller's brooch from the workroom, passed it through the flame of a spirit lamp, and with a sharp sculper chequered it as nearly as possible to resemble the spines on the briar stick. Since then I have seen and tried scores of nerve extractors of various descriptions; but none ever surpassed the one I then saw fashioned by De Bush. This was what he called keeping his eyes open, and he advised me to do the same, in order to gain information from every available source.

He implored me not to be a common tooth drawer, or a mere tinkering constructor of artificial teeth; but to remember the teeth formed as much a part of the animal frame as any other organ—never being morbidly affected without giving rise to injurious effects of a more general character. To bear in mind also, that a tooth cannot be efficiently extracted without as complete a knowledge of the anatomy of the parts as that

required for the amputation of a limb ; and, that the construction of an artificial denture requires artistic taste, and as much skill as that possessed by a painter or a sculptor. In order to enforce what he affirmed about the intimate relation which exists between the teeth and the general system, he reminded me of the distribution of the fifth nerve, and of its anatomical connections with the great sympathetic ; then, reaching down John Hunter's works, read to me the two following cases :—Vol. II, page 110.

CASE I.—A young child was attacked with contractions of the flexor muscles of the fingers, and also of the toes. These contractions were so considerable as to keep her fingers and thumb constantly clenched, and so irregularly that they appeared distorted. All the common anti-spasmodic medicines were given, and continued for several months, but without success.

I scarified the gums down to the teeth, and in less than half an hour all the contractions

had ceased. This, however, only gave relief for a time. The gums healed ; the teeth continued to grow, and filled up the new space acquired by the scarifications ; and the same symptoms appeared a second time.

The former operation was immediately performed, and with the same success.

CASE II.—A lady, about the age of five or six and twenty years, was attacked with a violent pain in the upper jaw, which at last extended through the whole side of the face, similar to a violent tooth ache from a cold, and was attended with consequent fever.

It was treated at first as a cold ; but, from its continuance, was afterwards supposed to be nervous.

The case was represented to me from the country, and I gave the best directions that I could, on a representation of the symptoms.

She came to London some months after, still labouring under the same complaint. Upon

examining the mouth, I observed one of the points of the *dens sapientiae* ready to come through. I lanced the gums, and the disease gave way immediately.

This was my first intimation of what might be discovered by keeping my eyes open in the cloudy atmosphere which obscured the source of so many nervous affections arising from an abnormal condition of the teeth.

A short time after this Dr. Ashburner published a little work on Dentition, which proved an inestimable boon to me, and I value it to-day as highly as when it first came out. It was De Bush's theory, not only amplified, but verified; and afforded me the satisfaction of discovering the cause of many an obscure affection often called anomalous, which had been overlooked by more general observers.

The following case, and others to be found scattered in these pages, will illustrate what has been said on the subject, and I trust interest and instruct some of my readers.

TETANUS.

Early one morning I was sent for to a ladies' school, and learnt that as one of the senior pupils was suffering from lock-jaw, the doctor in attendance wished me to assist his endeavours to open the mouth.

The school was of an essentially superior class, conducted by a widow lady of about fifty. By some her face might be considered plain, but the high forehead and intellectual countenance, combined with her majestic carriage and perfect address, shewed her eminently qualified to perform the duties of, and adorn the sphere she had chosen. When I entered the house she met and conducted me into the patient's room; although perfectly calm, a certain amount of anxiety was depicted on her countenance.

The invalid, a girl about seventeen, was lying quite rigid, her fixed attitude and unchangeable expression, together with an apparent suspension

of consciousness, giving her the appearance of a statue instead of a living breathing creature. My first impression pointed to this being a case of catalepsy, but on lifting one of her arms, instead of its remaining in the position to which it was raised, which it must have done had my supposition been correct, it fell heavily.

The case now assumed more the appearance of tetanus. The physician being called away on the plea of urgency, left word that when the mouth was opened, a powder containing two grains of calomel and two of James' powder should be administered.

I enquired whether she had complained of illness the day before, and was answered in the negative, except that just before going to bed she had mentioned most unconcernedly, how she felt a curious kind of pain near the front of her mouth, but it seemed of so insignificant a character no further notice was taken of it. A young lady about the same age, who slept with her, was not

disturbed once during the night ; but upon awaking in the morning found her bedfellow so stiff, she feared she was dead, and raised an alarm. With a little manipulation I succeeded in opening the mouth sufficiently wide to get a good view of the interior with the aid of a mouth-mirror, and soon discovered that one of the lower temporary molars had never been changed. That this caused the mischief I felt sure, so with a pair of hawk's bill forceps I extracted the loitering intruder without a moment's hesitation.

This over, I sat down by the bed and took hold of one of her hands. It may easily be understood how gratified all felt (for she was surrounded by her friends,) when I was enabled first to say the spasm was relaxing, and a short time afterwards, that the fingers gradually unbent, the thumbs taking their natural position. The patient appeared as if awakening from a sound sleep, but this was not really the case. She told us later she was quite conscious all the time, but unable to speak or move.

In about an hour the doctor returned; and was surprised to find the sufferer sitting up quite well and calmly conversing with her friends. He was fairly puzzled, and enquired what had been done. I related all that had transpired during his absence, and concluded by apologising for having forgotten to give the powder.

“All right,” he said, “I never saw steel act so quick or take better effect.”

CHAPTER V.

PARKGATE.

WHEN practising in Chester my family resided during nine months of the year at Parkgate, a little seaside place about twelve miles distant from the city. I was in the habit of walking every other day from Parkgate to Chester for breakfast, and back again in the evening; on the alternate days I was either driven or went by omnibus to the station at Hooton.

At about this time there was a great movement among the vegetarians, and, as a matter of curiosity, the rector of our parish and I, with a few other friends, went over to Liverpool to a vegetable banquet. We listened to some admirable speeches, saw and conversed with many stout and merry members of their society, whose diet certainly seemed to agree with them, although they ate no

animal food excepting eggs, milk, butter and cheese—nor drank any intoxicating liquor.

Always fond of experimenting, I determined to try whether my strength could be kept up, taking the exercise I did, with a vegetable diet, as well as with a more generous one. This determination I announced to my cook, a very clever old woman, and requested her to make her vegetable dinners as good an imitation as she could of any joint she pleased. She quite entered into the spirit of the thing, and I fancied, thought it good fun. The first day I inquired, "What is there for dinner, cook?"

Her reply was, "Roast lamb, sir; but you can only have one plate."

"Very well," I said, "I dare say there will be enough."

"Oh, but there is an apple tart," said cook, "And as I thought you would like to have something tasty, I made you a small dish of macaroni and Parmesan."

The plate of lamb was made in the following manner:—a couple of eggs fried; a bundle of asparagus, covered with white sauce; and, to complete the delusion, about a tablespoonful of mint sauce. I do not think any sybaritic voluptuary could have enjoyed his dinner more than I did mine.

Upon a vegetable diet of this description, varied in numerous ways with soups, jellies, puddings, &c., I lived and performed my customary walks with the greatest ease, and without the slightest feeling of lassitude. When asked whether I took any stimulants I was obliged to confess that, on my way home in the evening, I always looked in at a little roadside inn, smoked a pipe, and called for a pint of ale from the *cold cellar*. The cold cellar was a deep well at the top of the garden, from which was drawn some very cold and refreshing spring water, so that should there happen to be any toper present, he might think I was calling for some particular brew. All this I arranged with the landlady, and paid her the same price for my

jug from the cold cellar as she would have charged for the same quantity of "Turner's fine ale."

One night there was a missionary or Bible meeting at Parkgate, and the following morning the omnibus which started at seven o'clock was very crowded with passengers; a few clergymen being of the number, I sat between two of them. As we approached the little inn I said: "I shall have a glass of ale at the 'Two Mills,' will any of you gentlemen join me?" They all looked very serious. "Will you join me," I said to the rector of —

"Not for the world," was his reply.

"Will you join me," I inquired of my other clerical neighbour.

"It makes me ill to think of it," he said.

"Will no one join me," I enquired, when a gentleman on the box seat turned round and said,

"I will join you, sir."

"Thank you," was my reply, "I am glad to have someone to countenance me."

When we arrived, the landlady came to the door to see if anything was wanted. I called out “please bring two glasses of ale from the cold cellar.” When the two glasses of cold water were handed up you may imagine the amusement that ensued. My *compagnon du voyage* refused, saying it was ale he promised to join me in drinking, our clerical fellow-passenger insisted upon his fulfilling his promise, telling him the ale I had called for was “Adam’s Ale” and the oldest in existence. Seeing there was no escape he drank the fluid, and then declared he did not know when his stomach had experienced such a surprise.

When the late Mr. Banting published his book on corpulency, advocating a diet consisting chiefly of animal food, I thought it would only be fair to give that system a trial, and note any variation I could find in my power of endurance or state of my health. So, for some months I abstained from everything objected to by him, and found, with the exception of losing a little weight,

I was as strong and active as when living upon a vegetable diet. Returning to my customary habits I came to the conclusion that man may eat and drink anything in moderation ; and have as great a variety as he chooses, provided they are not all forced upon the digestive organs at the same time, allowing a proper interval to intervene between each repast.

As to drinking, the remarks made about eating are equally applicable. Some persons are so constituted that the very smell of an intoxicating liquor of any kind is offensive ; they also enjoy the plainest food, and take it in small quantities. On the other hand, there are many so constituted that they cannot enjoy life if not well fed ; and who, unless they are sufficiently educated to guard against the danger, find their greatest delight in eating in multiplied variations, the richest and most highly-seasoned dishes, and swallowing any or every kind of wine that is placed before them. The former class wonder how those people can

make such beasts of themselves ; the latter how such poor devils can keep body and soul together.

CHAPTER VI.

EPILEPSY.

ON arriving at the railway station one morning, I saw a crowd collected and nearing it found a gentleman bleeding at the mouth. Upon enquiring what was the matter, I learnt that he had fallen down in a fit and was hurt, a friend who was with him being about to take him home in a cab.

A few days afterwards the same gentleman called upon me professionally. It appears that at the time of the seizure he fell against the curbstone, cut his lip, and broke his four incisors; these he wished replaced. As the roots were giving him pain, I extracted them, and seeing a very ugly-looking stopping on a lower wisdom tooth, asked him if it ever troubled him; he told me that, occasionally, he had great pain in it. I inquired how long it was since the tooth was

filled ? He supposed three or four years, and to further inquiries said these attacks occurred a year or two afterwards.

At first there would often be an interval of some months between them ; latterly, however, they had been more frequent. Having previously seen similar attacks from a disease called *exostosis*, which is a preternatural growth at the fangs of a tooth, I advised its extraction, which was agreed to ; and, to my great satisfaction, I found that my diagnosis was correct—the roots of the tooth being enlarged to almost the size of the crown.

“ Now, sir,” I said, “ I hope I may congratulate you, for I believe you have had the last of these attacks, this enlargement at the root of the tooth is sufficient to have caused all the mischief ; indeed, I believe it was the only cause, and that now you will be free.”

His wife, a very handsome and interesting lady, about five or six-and-twenty, looked at me in amazement, and asked me how I could

tell? Whilst I gave her the best explanation I could, avoiding technicalities, the tears of gladness that rolled down her cheeks evinced the gratitude she felt better than she could have expressed it in words.

The gentleman and his family were constant patients of mine for several years, and I am happy to say during the time he remained in Chester he had no relapse.

I may again mention this was not the only case of epilepsy from the same cause, viz., exostosis of a wisdom tooth, in the course of my practice having seen two or three others.

I have often been astonished that general practitioners do not pay more attention to the fact that an abnormal condition of the teeth is frequently the cause of various nervous affections, often enveloped in what appears to be an impenetrable obscurity.

Most practitioners are aware that, at birth, the sockets of the temporary teeth are completed, and

the pulps enclosed in shells of bone. As the formation of the bony substance proceeds, the teeth continue to elongate, until, having filled the sockets, they can no longer be contained within them; they then begin to shoot upwards and to press against the gum, a portion of the sac still intervening, but having performed its office of secreting the enamel, becomes absorbed at those points where the pressure is first made, and as this continues, both it and the gum become absorbed until the tooth makes its appearance.

As there is an established law in nature that teeth shall be developed at certain epochs, and according to a certain arrangement, their progress will meet the gum in a favourable state for absorption, but if from any cause this law is violated, and the tooth proceeds faster than the parts which enclose it become absorbed, the pressure upon the gum and the intervening membrane will be very great, and the pulps

upon which ossification is still preceding will be subjected to a degree of counter pressure.

It cannot, therefore, be surprising that such a violent interference with a structure so delicately organized,—which is so intimately connected with the whole nervous system, should occasion a derangement of any of the organs of the system in general.

Hence from this cause, may, and often do, proceed all, or most, of those diseases incident to infancy, including squinting, deafness, various forms of convulsions, several diseases of the skin, especially nettle rash, bowel complaints, fevers, and a disease which is a union of most of them commonly called water in the head.

In all such cases it has been found that medicine can do no more than palliate and relieve the symptoms so long as the cause remains untouched. It is therefore only by removing the pressure by the free use of the lancet, that any permanent benefit can be hoped for. This treat-

ment originated with Hunter, and ought to be known to every practitioner. Yet strange as it may appear there are many even in the present day who refuse to cut the gums in infancy, and ignore the idea that an abnormal condition of the teeth in later years can occasion any of those anomalous diseases that so frequently baffle their skill.

The following case will, I think, both elucidate and corroborate this statement. I was called upon by a lady and her son, a youth about twelve or thirteen, she wished me to stop some temporary molar teeth for him. I told her it would do no good and that they ought to be taken out. Her reply was, "I would not have them extracted for the world."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he is such an invalid!"

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is troubled with epilepsy, having very frequent attacks."

"These teeth are the cause," was my reply.

"Nothing of the kind, the doctor does not say so."

"Tell him what I say and then let me know what he thinks."

A few days after she called again, and upon my enquiring what the doctor thought?

"He told me you ought to know more about the teeth than he did, and advised me," she continued, "to see three physicians in London, giving me their names and addresses."

"You cannot do better," was my response, "and when they have examined your son, if they do not look at the state of his teeth, request them to do so."

"I certainly will," was her reply.

"And when in London see another physician whose name and address I will give you," this she also promised to do.

A few weeks afterwards she called again with her son, having seen the doctors.

I enquired if they had examined his teeth? She told me that at her request two of them did, and said the teeth had nothing to do with his complaint, the third when asked to do so, said we do not pay any attention to the teeth.

“And what did my friend Dr. ——— say?”

“Oh we did not go to him, my husband said we had seen three Doctors, and as they all seemed to agree, it was not worth while seeing another.”

“Have you followed their directions?”

“Yes.”

“And is he any better?”

“Not a bit.”

“I am sorry to distress you, but it is a duty I owe to your son, to yourself, and your husband, to tell you that unless those teeth are removed there is great risk of him becoming an epileptic for life.”

She was greatly distressed, and said his father was nearly broken-hearted.

They came again next day, with a request

from the father that as a last resource, I was to do what I thought best.

“Then I shall take out three teeth for him.”

The boy, a noble little fellow, took his seat in the chair without a moment's hesitation, and sat like a stoic whilst the operation was made. I asked to see them again in a week, and they came.

“How is the boy?” I enquired.

“Very much better.”

“How many attacks has he had?”

“None.”

“Then I shall take three more teeth out.”

Again, with the same firm nerve, the little fellow took his seat, and had the operation performed.

“Let me see him again in a fortnight,” was my parting request.

At the expiration of that time mother and son again presented themselves.

“How is the boy?” I anxiously enquired.

“Very much better.”

“ How many attacks has he had ? ”

“ None.”

Then I shall take no more teeth out, let me see him again in a month ; and every month following for some time I saw him, and after the three first teeth were removed he never experienced the slightest return of his previous complaint.

The Doctors said he was not to touch a book for three years ; before that time elapsed his sister called to tell me he had got a scholarship at his school.

A young lady, seventeen years of age, consulted me respecting a diseased molar tooth, which was giving her considerable pain. She had an objection to its being removed, and wished me to make some application that would obviate the necessity of extraction. I saw no reasonable prospect of accomplishing what she desired ; yet, as her objection to the operation was so great, I recommended some simple application, requesting her to see me again in the course of a few days.

She did so : the pain, though mitigated, was not removed. Still, however, she objected to losing the tooth. Whilst remonstrating with her on the folly of not submitting to so trifling an operation, I related to her several cases which had caused considerable trouble. She seemed highly interested ; and after asking many questions about them, told me that for upwards of two years she had suffered from a pain between her shoulders, and that occasionally she lost all power of her right arm : and this invariably took place whilst taking tea. The medical gentleman who had been consulted, conceived that her symptoms were occasioned by some affection of the spine, and at his request she had gone to the sea for several months during the last two summers. I then told her that the tooth (which, she said, had been decayed the whole time) might have aggravated those affections ; and asked her to show it to her medical adviser, to whom she had hitherto never

mentioned it—not conceiving it had anything to do with her other ailments, and fearing that he would at once insist upon its being extracted. He perfectly agreed with me, and the offender was removed. Several months afterwards I saw the lady again, and although the pain in her back was not quite gone, she had not experienced a return of the loss of power in her arm. A few months after the last interview, she again called on me. She had then had a return of it; and said, although not aware of having a decayed tooth, she was persuaded something was the matter with some of her teeth. I examined them, and found all sound, but I also found what had been previously overlooked, that one of the temporary molars had never been removed, and that it was exerting a deleterious pressure upon the succeeding permanent tooth, which it had forced into an unnatural position. I removed the temporary tooth. Since that time the young lady completed her second dentition, and all painful sensations entirely ceased.

CHAPTER VII.

ELECTRICITY.

ABOUT August, 1858, I was first apprised of electricity being used for the purpose of producing local anesthesia.

The information, which came from a friend in America, was very meagre, and contained in these words: "they are drawing teeth on this side the water, without pain, by means of electricity."

I thought this might be deserving of notice, and having by me an electro-magnetic machine, which I had purchased more as a philosophical toy than for any practical purpose, set about experimenting. My operations were unsatisfactory, however, feeling assured that had the experiments made in America succeeded, there would be an account of them in the Dental Journal published in that country, and for many years the only medium exclusively devoted to dentistry the

profession in this country possessed, before proceeding further I waited for its appearance, and received it about the time when there was so much congratulation in this country and so much rejoicing on the opposite shores of the Atlantic on account of the apparent success by which electricity was enabled to whisper secrets through upwards of two thousand miles of submerged cable.

After ascertaining the *modus operandi* from this publication, I operated successfully upon three gentlemen on whom I could place the greatest reliance (which experiments I now know, were the first made in this country), and looking upon the subject more from a scientific than a professional point of view, I sent a copy of the paragraph from the American journal to the editor of the *Chester Courant* headed

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF ELECTRICITY.

SIR,—As every one is desirous of avoiding pain, especially in the extraction of a tooth, you

will, I hope, excuse me asking you to insert in your next publication the enclosed paragraph from the American Journal of Dental Science.

I may add that although I only received the journal yesterday, I have already made several apparently successful operations, performed under the most unfavourable circumstances. I have, however, great hopes that electricity will prove an inestimable boon to suffering humanity.—Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH SNAPE.

A number of copies of this letter and the paragraph from the American journal were procured in the form of slips, which the editor had the kindness to have struck off for me before the type was distributed. One of these slips was forwarded to each of the Liverpool and Manchester papers, also to those of Shropshire, Staffordshire and North Wales, hoping they would insert them in their respective journals, and by so doing bring me into correspondence with some neighbouring

practitioners who might possibly be engaged in similar experiments. I had not the remotest idea at the time that I was the only individual in this country who was giving the subject any attention.

I was, however, very much surprised to find that, with the exception of the two Chester papers, my short note calling attention to the paragraph was not inserted in any one of them.

Some had, I must say, inserted the paragraph, but in such a manner that it looked as if put in merely to fill up some vacant place. So for a time the matter was passed over by the profession and public. In the meanwhile I continued experimenting with a success that astonished me. I must say I was often fairly puzzled, the evidence given being so strange and of so entirely a new character, yet at the same time so strongly confirmatory that I could not doubt a local anesthetic had been discovered.

Including private, infirm, and gratuitous patients, I had by this time extracted nearly two

hundred teeth, with the assistance of the electric current, so that when I read in the *Times* an account of the melancholly accident from chloroform at Epsom, I felt that it was a duty I owed to society to make known the results of my experiments; I therefore determined to send them to the editor of that journal, unaccompanied by any extract. The following was the letter:—

CHLOROFORM IN DENTISTRY SUPERSEDED.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Having seen from the papers an account of a death from chloroform, administered by Mr. K——, of Epsom (formerly a pupil of mine), I wish with your kind permission, through the medium of your columns, to call the attention of dentists to the discovery that the application of the electric current will produce local anaesthesia. Some few days since I was informed of this discovery and immediately put it into operation, with results which have amply realised my anticipations.

In the course of the week I have extracted upwards of 150 teeth from persons of all ranks, of both sexes, and of every age, and the testimony of each has been most satisfactory. Some persons said they experienced pain, but not so much as usual, others that they felt no pain whatever ; some patients have said they were conscious of the pull, but the customary pang was absent. The exclamation of many after the operation have been "Oh, how very delightful," "how very nice," "how very wonderful," etc.

One gentleman who was rather sceptical, after having a tooth extracted, said, "Well, I would not disbelieve a man now if he told me he had learned to fly." Feeling desirous of getting as satisfactory evidence as possible, I persuaded one of my sons, who is not fonder of having his teeth drawn than other boys of his age, to have a temporary molar tooth removed, in order that he might be able to tell me what he thought of it.

As soon as the tooth was out, he exclaimed, "that's the thing, it will do, papa." I have found children of the most nervous temperament, whom we have had great difficulty in persuading to undergo the operation, afterwards declare, although they cried out, "they felt no pain." Other children, when asked what they felt, answered, "only my arm tickled a bit." From these results I think I may venture to say we have obtained an agent, in dentistry at least, that will supersede the use of chloroform, for, however useful this chemical may be in the more important operations of surgery, I have never felt reconciled to the use of it in the ordinary operations on the teeth. In the electric current we have an agent without danger or any disagreeable accompaniment, most easily applied, and occupying scarcely more time than an operation under ordinary circumstances. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH SNAPE,

Dentist to the Chester Infirmary.

My name, address, and connexion with the Infirmary, were given as vouchers for the authenticity of my letter.

One spark from that great battery electrified the whole of Europe, and numerous individuals in this country, and on the continent, commenced experimenting. I have no doubt a wish to give mutual aid originated the various directions that were given, some good, some indifferent, many erroneous, and all necessarily crude from the novelty of the subject.

Electrical machines were made and sold of every imaginable form, possessing power sufficient to knock down a bull, but without the means of diminishing the intensity of the force, to that gentle current upon which anesthesia depends.

It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that persons practically unacquainted with electricity, by following such directions, and using such machines, should fail in their operations.

These failures excited discussion ; letters for and against were published in the medical and dental journals ; facts were brought forward to prove the efficacy of the new agent, and metaphysical treatises were written to prove the thing impossible : and a meeting of the College of Dentists was called to “ discuss the question whether electricity had the power of deadening pain.”

In the *Times* there was a report of that meeting, in which it was stated that the president passed in review the various methods by which it might be applied with the intention of rendering the extraction of teeth painless ; but, unhappily, the results of his own experience did not warrant him in stating that so desirable a condition had as yet been attained, on the contrary, he believed the attention being arrested and the mind occupied by the application of anything so novel as the application of electricity would sufficiently explain the power which that agent possessed occasionally

to somewhat mitigate the pain. Several other gentlemen corroborated this conclusion by the results of their own experience.

My arrangements, which at the time were explained in the "British Journal of Dental Science," are such that the patient may take his seat and have the tooth extracted, not only without pain, but as the apparatus is latent, be absolutely unconscious of the application of electricity.

As an instance, a railway porter, who had been confined to his bed with fever for seven weeks, and was in a very debilitated state, called upon me to have a tooth extracted. The man took his seat : and I removed the tooth.

"There, my man," I said, "that will do."

"It is not out, is it, sir?" exclaimed the man.

"Yes, here it is," showing him the tooth.

"Well," said he, "you are the cleverest man I ever met—I did not think it was out."

"You have heard that we can now take out teeth by electricity, without pain, have you not?"

“No, sir ; I have been ill so long, that I have not heard what is going on.”

Now this man had never heard of the employment of electricity, and had his tooth taken out without knowing anything more than that it was painlessly removed.

This one fact, in my opinion, completely nullifies the President's theory.

Now for other proofs of the power of electricity to deaden pain. It was necessary to remove from the mouth of a lady, ten teeth, chiefly incisors and bicuspid, in order to prepare the mouth for a complete artificial set. I extracted three with the adjunct of electricity, and the patient sat quite still. I asked whether the operations hurt her. She said they did. I then enquired if she experienced as much pain as when the teeth were removed in the ordinary way. She said, “I can't tell,” and seemed disinclined to say anything in its favour. In fact, all her verbal testimony was of so conflicting a character, that I

determined to remove the next tooth without electricity, and to watch her countenance, to see whether there was any indication of increased pain. As soon as I grasped the tooth, there was an agonized expression I had not observed while removing the former three, and when the tooth was out she jumped from the chair, put her hand to her mouth, and uttered moanings as if in great pain; when she had recovered, I told her that electricity had not been used in that instance. She begged to have it used to the others, and with its aid the remaining six were removed in less time than was lost by the pain occasioned by the removal of the one without it.

I had previously made a proposition to operate at their Dental Hospital before as many professional men as they liked to admit, which offer was overlooked, and having proved the anesthetic powers of electricity by scores of operations I kept away.

In November, 1874, I was invited to demon-

strate the efficiency of electricity as a local anesthetic in dental operations at the Dental Hospital in Soho Square, which invitation I accepted and made about thirty successful operations.

In January, 1875, I received a similar invitation to operate at the National Dental Hospital, this I also accepted and had sixteen operations, all of which were successful. There were present several practitioners who took part in the discussion before mentioned, who, notwithstanding their previous verdict, could not resist expressing their congratulations at my success.

The error many practitioners fell into when experimenting with electricity was, that they expected it to produce complete insensibility.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO IRELAND.

MY neighbour, Dr. Nolan, an Irishman, possessed not only the excitability and good nature so characteristic of his countrymen, but also a very large organ of what the phrenologists call secretiveness, which afforded much amusement to those of his friends who were aware of this peculiarity.

One Thursday afternoon, he called upon me, and after shaking hands and saying, "How do you do?" made the following enquiry, "Don't you think you are working too hard?"

"Well, lately, I have indeed been working very hard."

"I fancied so; for I find myself so much pumped out, I thought you must be in a similar condition."

"You are quite right, I often feel very jaded."

"You know as well as I do and as everybody

else does, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. What do you say to going out of town, by way of a change at the end of the week?"

"I should like it very much." He then enquired where we should go. Guessing he had already a plan of his own, and not caring particularly what place he had fixed upon, though curious to watch the circuitous windings he would take to accomplish his purpose, I replied, "Let us go to Llangollen on Saturday afternoon, spend Sunday there, and return on Monday morning."

"Aye! that will be a very nice little outing. Just the thing! Well, good day."

An hour or two later he called again to know whether I could not get away on Saturday morning? Glancing at my appointment book and finding that by writing a note I could manage this—replied in the affirmative.

"That will be so much better," and he was apparently satisfied. But a short time afterwards he appeared once more, crying in a most jubilant

tone: "If you can leave on Saturday morning, you can just as easily get away on Friday night, and then we can take a longer trip."

"All right," I acquiesced, "where shall we go?"

"Oh, anywhere so that it is a good distance from the scene of our labours."

"What do you say to going to London and spending Saturday and Sunday there?"

"That will do capitally," and he wished me good-night.

Convinced of this not being the kind of change he was bent upon taking, I wondered what his next move would be—it soon transpired. I had scarcely finished breakfast the next morning, when he looked in.

"Snape," he began, "I have been thinking of a very nice excursion we can take that will beat the London trip all to fits."

"Where to?"

"You have never been to Ireland. The International Exhibition is now open in Dublin. We

can leave for Chester this evening ; catch the limited mail to Holyhead ; cross to Dublin in one of the large steamers and be there by eight o'clock ; go to the " Gresham ;" have a good wash and a capital breakfast and then visit the Exhibition ; after which take the rail to Bray ; drive through the County of Wicklow as far as Glendalough, the village of the Seven Churches ; spend the night there and in the morning return to Dublin to be in time for the steamer, and we'll be back home early on Monday morning."

This was the excursion he had wished for from the first, which, if suggested, I should have agreed to at once ; but this would not have gratified his innate love of secrecy.

Before starting, however, the Doctor told me that the principal reason for taking this journey was his desire that I should see an old aunt of his, who had been suffering some months with a neuralgic affection, for which, from suggestions made to him from herself and friends he had

prescribed several times without more effect than that obtained from the local practitioners. He thought the state of her teeth might be the cause, and was anxious for me to see her, thus killing two birds with the one stone.

We took the journey, and I enjoyed it very much. Arriving in Dublin early in the morning we drove to the "Gresham," and carried out my friend's programme to the letter. After spending two or three hours in the Exhibition, we took the rail to Bray. At the terminus we were surrounded by a host of carmen who wanted to be employed.

"Stand back, you fellows," commanded the Doctor, "I want Tommy Murphy."

"He is not here," shouted several voices.

"Where is he?"

"He's in the hay."

"Here, boy," catching hold of a little ragged urchin, he asks, "do you know where Tommy Murphy lives?"

"I do, sorr," answered the little fellow.

"Go to him, and if you find him, tell him Dr. Nolan waits him, and you shall have these two penny pieces.

It was not long before he returned, bringing with him the carman.

"Tommy," commenced the Doctor, "I want you to drive us to the Seven Churches, and on to the hotel at Glendalough."

"Faith, Doctor, but I'm very sorry I can't go myself, I'm in the hay, but my nephew shall take you."

"I cannot have a boy to drive me!"

"Boy, do you call him? he is twenty-four, and as big as me."

"Send him up with the car and let us look at him."

So Johnny Murphy, instead of his uncle, was our charioteer, and a most amusing one he proved to be, he told us the name of every mountain we passed, and all the legends the vicinity brought to his recollection.

“ You see that hill to the left ?” pointing with his whip.

“ Yes.”

“ One side of it is red, that is sandstone rock. Now do you see that mountain on the right with two peaks ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Now, sorr, do you know the reason that mountain has two peaks ?”

“ No.”

“ Well, it was in this way. The Devil was talking a walk one morning, and seeing the side of the mountain was red sandstone, he thought he would sharpen his sword upon it, and when he reached the other mountain he wanted to see if it would cut, so he gave a slash at the top of it, and the division between the two peaks was were his sword was driven. Faith, sorr, indeed it's true, I've heard it mentioned a thousand times.”

Continuing the conversation, I enquired of

Johnny whether "Murphy was not a very common name in Ireland?"

"It is, sorr, faith, the country is full of them, the Murphys are a very prolific family. If you take an old one and cut him up into a dozen pieces and bury them, each will rise again in the form of a new family of eight or ten."

By this amusing Jehu we were driven through the most beautiful scenery in the County of Wicklow, and on our way called at the house of the Doctor's aunt, whom we found confined to her room, on the mantle-piece of which was a large quantity of medicine bottles, most of them half full. She complained of pain all over the head and down one side, with occasional twitching of her right arm, feeling of cramp in the leg. Upon examining the old lady's mouth, I was not surprised to find a number of decayed roots. Upon questioning her whether she had ever suffered much from tooth-ache, she said a few years back she had done so, but she had the teeth ex-

tracted. Upon examining the place from which they had been removed, I discovered that most of the fangs had been left in and were now partially covered with the gum, and that on the other side of the mouth an upper wisdom tooth also was decayed ; the fangs I extracted, and upon calling upon our patient the next day on our return, found her very much relieved and anxious that we should prolong our visit and stay to dine ; this, however, time would not admit of.

Arriving at Glendalough, we took up our quarters at one of the most comfortable country inns I ever entered.

We were provided with a very nice little dinner in a large coffee-room evidently the chief entertaining room in the house.

There was a goodly company being similarly entertained, composed chiefly of professional men. When the various repasts were concluded, and whiskey and cigars made their appearance, all the guests seemed to coalesce as if they had known each

other for years. Jokes were cracked, songs sang, and one tale after another told, until, I am afraid, it was Sunday morning before any of us retired to bed. This, however, did not prevent our rising early, as we were due at home on Monday.

The morning turned out most unfavourable; it did not exactly rain, but was what the Scotch call soft, the sun being obscured, and a thick drizzle falling, added to our utter discomfiture.

Johnny, wishing to get to his journey's end as soon as possible, drove his mare at the same pace both up and down hill. I remonstrated with him, but to no purpose, until, when descending a little declivity, formed by a bridge over a canal, the mare stumbled.

"There," I said, "Johnny, I told you we should be down."

The only answer I received was, "Please hold the reins a minute." He jumped off the car, ran back a few yards, returning with one of the mare's shoes in his hand, he walked by the side of the

trap, and remarked, laughing merrily, "Bedad, I was afraid it would have come off before we got to the top."

Dismounting from the car, I enquired of Johnny what we were to do!

"We are nearly twenty miles from Bray, we cannot walk all that way, and the mare cannot take us with the shoe off."

"Oh," replied Johnny, "there is a blacksmith hard by, and we can get it put on again."

"But how far off is the blacksmith's?"

"It's hard by."

"But what do you call hard by?"

"Oh, just round the corner."

"I see no corner; what corner do you mean?"

"Faith, sure enough, the corner we are coming too."

At last, after having walked about three-quarters of a mile in this haze, a curve in the road brought us in sight of the smithy.

Johnny went to enquire for the blacksmith

at the adjoining cabin where the man lived, and found he had gone to Mass. Here was another pretty fix !

“ Johnny,” I said, “ you must shoe the mare.”

“ No, sorr,” he retorted, “ I would be afraid of pricking her.”

“ Pricking, nonsense,” I replied ; “ I would do it myself if I could lift her leg, but I am not strong enough. You go and get some nails, and then if you can manage that, I will put the shoe on.”

All this time the man’s wife and daughter, a girl of sixteen, innocent of shoes and stockings, and with petticoats reaching only just below her knees, watched our perplexity with evident curiosity.

Suddenly the woman exclaimed, “ here comes the master ;” this terminated our suspense, for the mare was turned over to the tender mercies of Johnny and the blacksmith.

The gude wife now invited us into the house ;

we entered, and found it a long cabin, with the floor unpaved, though at the upper end a turf fire was burning brightly, while two or three children crouched in the chimney corner.

The other end was divided from what, for the sake of distinction, I should call the house place, by a sort of paling, within which the fowls roosted. In the centre stood a large block of wood, such as blacksmiths place their anvils upon, and this seemed to be the only piece of furniture in the place, the woman lifted up her apron and dusted its top, saying, "Won't your honors take a seat?" I thanked her, but declined; and as I was wearing a mackintosh—one of those reversible garments, black on one side and white on the other—and felt conscious that the inside must be as wet as the outside was with the drizzling rain, I took this opportunity of turning it.

Whilst so employed I noticed the girl's face wore an amused expression, and when she saw the waterproof completely reversed, she said,

“ Well, sorr, I have often heard of turncoats, but I never seen a real turncoat before in all my life.”

When again putting it on there was a difficulty in getting it over my other sleeves on account of the damp.

The Doctor said, “ My friend, you are getting too fat ; you will be obliged to have that coat let out.”

“ I shall, indeed.”

“ Then,” said the girl, “ do not have it let out like Paddy Murphy had his breeches.”

“ How was that ?” I enquired.

“ Well, Paddy Murphy, who lives in a cabin just by, wanted a pair of breeches, so he goes down to Peter MacClogan, the tailor who lives in the valley below, and says, Peter, I want you to make me a pair of breeches. Stand by, says Peter, and I will measure you. So the breeches were made, and when sent home they were so small Paddy could not get into them, so

he took them back, and told Peter how vexed he was with them. You have made my breeches too small, he said; you must let them out. Well, says Peter, leave them with me and I will do that for you, so Pat left them to be let out. As a considerable time elapsed, and Peter did not send them back, Paddy went down to enquire the reason they were not returned. Approaching the house, and seeing the tailor digging up some potatoes, shouted to him, Peter, have you let out my breeches yet? Peter screamed back in reply, sure enough I have, for a shilling a week ever since you left them!"

The mare being shod we recommenced our journey and reached home about five o'clock on Monday morning.

Snatching an hour or two's sleep I was ready for work by ten o'clock.

Whilst looking over my letters a servant handed me a note, saying a man and woman were

waiting for an answer. The letter was from a clergyman in Shropshire, and read as follows:—

“ ——— Rectory, Salop.

Dear Sir,—The bearer, a very worthy parishioner of mine, has unfortunately fallen into the hands of one of those Charlatans, whose specious advertisements are so attractive. This imposter, under the pretence of filling them, has put something between the poor man's lower teeth, which has turned quite black, and is as hard as stone, he tells me he cannot get it out, do what he will. To me his gums look much inflamed, and matter seems to be oozing out under the teeth. He is not only willing, but able to pay you any fee you may demand. I mention this, because from his appearance you might not suppose him to be a gentleman who farms his own estate. I have told him he may place the greatest confidence in you, and depend upon the kindest attention.—
Yours very truly, ——— ”

But for this prompting I should have imagined

my patient to be a farm labourer rather than a gentleman farmer.

I found the state of the poor fellow's mouth exactly what his clerical friend had described, all the lower incisors were packed both inside and out with a vile black amalgam.

After great difficulty, and not without occasioning some pain, this was removed. During the operation the wife sat close to him holding one of his hands ; every now and then in accents of suffering he exclaimed, "Oh, Margaret !"

When the last particle was removed he whispered in a low, different tone, "Aye, but Margaret, he is a rough one."

"I heard what you said," I interrupted.

"Did you ?" he questioned.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, sir, there is a very old saying, and I believe it is a very true one, that listeners never hear any good of themselves."

This was told with such a merry twinkle in his eye, that assured me as well as words could have done that he already felt relief from the rough one's treatment.

Owing to neglect many of the old gentleman's teeth were decayed, and the whole of them encrusted with tartar. I prescribed a tooth powder and lotion, and arranged to see him again in a few days.

Upon his second visit I scaled his teeth and filled what were required. In doing this it was necessary to file away some ragged edges of a molar tooth. Whilst so employed, my patient seemed very anxious to enter into conversation with me, this I told him was impossible, but that I would listen to all he had to say when I had finished what I was about.

Having accomplished my task with the file, "Now, sir," I enquired, "what were you going to say?"

"Oh," he ejaculated, "I was only going to

tell you that I never knowed afore why osses didn't like their teeth filed."

Before leaving he gave me a very pressing invitation to visit him, telling me he would give me the best glass of ale round the Wrekin, and that I could have a day's fishing and shooting as often as I liked. I am sorry to say I have never been able to avail myself of his kindness.

CHAPTER IX.

NERVOUS PATIENTS, AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

A PROFESSIONAL visit to a Dentist is never one of a very agreeable kind, but what must it be to a lady, timid by nature, whose nervous sensibility is naturally acute, and who for a whole week has been suffering pain night and day?

The following incident will not only show, but demonstrate how a little conciliatory conversation will sometimes exorcise the ugliest phantom an apprehensive imagination can conjure up.

Two young ladies were driven to my house, and one of them sent up her card, on the back of which was written, "Please see me as soon as you can—I am in great pain." It fortunately happened they had not long to wait; and when shown into my operating-room, the lady, whose card had been sent up, had her head and face

closely muffled up, and upon removing the wraps disclosed a countenance pitiable to see : it was a picture not only of anxiety and distress, but of utter despondency. .

Upon enquiring the cause, she told me she had been suffering from tooth-ache for more than a week, night and day ; and felt such a dread of having it extracted, that she had done every thing she could to avoid it. Had used brandy, laudanum, spirits of camphor, and everything anybody and everybody suggested, all to no purpose ; “and they tell me there is nothing for it but having it out—but, oh, sir, I dare not ! and I am afraid there is more than one, the whole side of my face is in pain.”

“Who told you there was nothing for it but having it out ?” said I.

“They all did.”

“And what did they all know about it ?” I enquired. “Let me see if I can ease the pain ?”

This seemed to give her encouragement, and

she allowed me to examine the tooth, which I found it would be hopeless to attempt to save. It was badly decayed and filled with some extraneous matter which all her applications had not removed, and from the state of decomposition it was in, was sufficient to have caused pain. I syringed the cavity with warm water, dried it with bibulous paper, and on a pellet of lint applied carbolic acid: this soon eased the pain, and feeling assured of gaining her confidence, I chatted with her for a few minutes, and then asked, "what made you so afraid of having the tooth out?"

"Oh," she said, "I could not bear the pain."

"But," I said, "I can take it out for you without pain."

"No, no, I would not take chloroform for the world!"

"I do not wish you to do so. If you will allow me I will take it out for you with electricity, and you will not be hurt much more than you

have been by my dressing your tooth. If you keep it in, it is most likely to trouble you again ; do trust me and you shall not be hurt." She smiled, and asked her cousin what she must do.

"I am sure," she replied, "you may trust Mr. Snape." She then gave her consent, and after feeling a slight electric shock, and seeing the troublesome tooth laid on the table, exclaimed "Oh, how can I thank you for your kindness? I am so very much obliged." Her cousin then thought it might be well to have her teeth examined, when it was found that two or three trifling operations were necessary, which were soon completed.

During this interval, my first patient was completely metamorphosed, her countenance previously darkened by gloom, was now radiant ; instead of being enervated, she had courage enough to ask me whether it was necessary for anything else to be done to her teeth.

I found two upper molars with cavities in them

which I filled, and during the operation was very much amused by the ingenuity of her questions.

Whilst clearing out the cavity with a rose-head drill, an instrument known to all who have had a tooth stopped, she made the following enquiry, "Why is it impossible for a member of the temperance society to undergo this operation?"

"Oh," I replied, "lots of them do undergo it."

"No; that's an impossibility! It's a riddle, of course, and I want you to find it out?" After endeavouring to do so for some time without success, I gave it up.

"Don't you see," was her reply, as our gardener's wife says of her husband, "he would break his pledge by getting screwed!"

When using the burring engine, she enquired again what passage in Jack the Giant Killer does your present employment put you in mind of?" Here again I was nonplussed.

"Come, no excuse," she said, "you have read Jack the Giant Killer, or your nurse when you had one told you the story, and no one ever forgot a story their nurse has told them."

"Well," I said, "I cannot think what it can be."

"I am ashamed of you, you cannot have a grain of wit about you. Did you never hear these words, Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the breath of an Englishman, and be he alive or be he dead, I'll *grind his bones* to make me bread?"

When all was concluded she thanked me over and over again, and told me she never expected to leave my house in such a happy frame of mind. "When at your door the very sound of the bell made my heart beat; when the door was opened I felt rather ready to faint than to walk in, and when, for the few seconds, I was in the waiting-room, I felt something like what a criminal must feel whilst waiting for the sentence. I never imagined I could get such happiness here."

“I am glad you have enjoyed yourself,” was my reply ; “and in my turn must thank you for the sparkling wit, which has so enlivened my drawing-room entertainment.”

MANAGEMENT OF NERVOUS CHILDREN.

ONE afternoon a cab was driven up to my door from which issued screams from a child evidently in great distress. The bell was rung violently, and the knocker most vigorously applied. The door being opened screams were then heard in the hall. The waitress told me a gentleman and a servant had brought in a child, and she thought from the cries he uttered he must be suffering great pain. I requested her to bring them to me, and my order was obeyed. The gentleman came in by himself, the nurse and child left behind. He wished to speak to me before anything was done. The boy, his son, about six years of age, had been suffering from toothache, and disturbed the whole house for

many nights with his screams. A year or two before an elder boy had suffered in the same way, and had been entirely relieved by a dentist who resided in the immediate vicinity of his own house by stopping the teeth; hoping to gain relief for this younger son he had taken him to the same practitioner, but the child refused to submit and when anything was attempted screamed and wrestled in such a manner that he was afraid of the consequences. He had been advised by a friend, whose family were patients of mine, to bring him to me, but what was to be done he could not tell, as the peace of the house was destroyed. "Perhaps," I said, "we shall be able to manage him, and do what is required; let me see him." The nurse brought him into the room still howling and kicking most furiously. "Put him in the chair, nurse," said the father; this increased the uproar. I turned to the father and said "this will never do. Oblige me by taking that chair, and leave the matter in my hands." During this

interval the nurse was trying to force the child into the chair.

Having quieted the father, I turned to the latter and said, "Nurse, put that child down!" she looked at me in amazement. "Put the child down," I repeated in a more decided manner, "and take that chair." The child stopped sobbing, and looked his thanks.

Taking hold of one of his hands, I said to him, "You shall not have anything done to your teeth unless you like; so come with me I have something to show you." "Remain where you are, if you please," I said to the father, "and nurse," I said, "do the same."

I then took him into an adjoining operating room, let him look over an old volume of the "Illustrated London News," and some views through a stereoscope. By this time he was considerably quieted, so, seating myself at the end of a sofa in a good light, I took hold of one of his hands and got him to stand between my

knees. "Now," I said, "let me look at these teeth there is such work about; you need not fear, I shall do nothing but look at them." He opened his mouth, and I found two temporary molars much decayed, the cavities being filled with decomposed food, the acidity of which was causing the pain.

"Oh!" I said, "there is a lot of dirt in your teeth that is giving you pain, let me wash it out with a squirt." I took up a syringe, filled it with warm water, and squirted it across the room. I said, "Should you like to do it?"

"Yes."

"Try if you can hit my hand," and I held it out, and to his great delight he managed to do so.

"Now," I said, "let me try to wash the decayed food out of your teeth with some warm water."

Without the slightest hesitation he opened his mouth, and the cavities were washed out.

"Now, let me feel if there is any left,"

taking an excavating instrument, and by using it gently, removed all the extraneous and decayed matter that was necessary, and wiped the cavities dry ; during this proceeding an assistant was preparing for me a few pellets of Jacob's inimitable stopping ; this I showed him, and said to prevent any dirt from getting into his teeth again I should fill the holes with it, which pleased him very much, and he stood quite still till the stoppings were finished.

“ Did you ever see a crocodile ? ” was my next question.

“ No.”

“ Would you like to see one ? ”

“ Yes.”

Having a stuffed one in an adjoining room I took him to see it, and after he had examined it very minutely, I said, “ now come with me and tell your father what you have seen.” We found the father sitting where we had left him, and the nurse also.

My little patient ran to him, and said, "Papa, papa, Mr. Snape has got a crocodile."

"I did not bring you here to see Mr. Snape's crocodile, but to have your teeth stopped."

"And they are stopped," I replied, "are they not my boy? Show them to your father."

Both father and nurse were greatly astonished as well as pleased, and could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses.

CHAPTER X.

A LADY FROM BOLTON.

SAUNTERING through the aquarium at Southport one summer evening, I noticed an old lady who appeared to take great interest in all she saw, and expressed herself to some friends that were with her how surprised she was that lobsters with such big bodies could walk about so comfortably upon such thin legs, and wondered what they did with their claws, they surely could not use them to eat with. She was very much struck with the motions and contortions of the octopus, and no less with the beauties of the sea anemones—indeed she seemed astonished and delighted at the wonders of the sea which were evidently for the first time exposed to her view. There were numbers in the place who shared her feelings, both of wonder and surprise. It was not this, therefore, that fascinated my gaze, but her general

appearance and costume. This I will endeavour to describe.

She was, I should think, upwards of sixty, tall and stout, had on a pink satin bonnet embellished with two large roses, the one dark red, and the other deep yellow, her face, was sometimes shaded by a veil which, when thrown back, revealed a good natured pleasant countenance, though masculine and characteristic of determination. Her cloak consisted of a black and red plaid, I think called tartan; a poplin dress the colour of a grey parrot, with trimmings of lace etc., etc. She wore a large pair of spectacles with tortoise shell frames, which she pushed up on her forehead when she addressed any of her friends. A morning or two after this I was told Mrs. — from Bolton wanted to see me. When shown into my operating room, I was amusingly surprised to see the lady who had so interested me at the aquarium. She lost no time in stating her errand by any courteous preliminary

conversation, but at once put the question, "Are you Master Snape?" I answered in the affirmative.

"An' are you a dentist?"

"Yes."

"Can you stuff teeth wi' goud that'll stick?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You're sure it'll stick?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I've had mine done three times at Bowton, and bless you, it comes out; then I went to a mon at Rochdal' as they said could do it; well, when he had stopped my teeth, it were gettin' toa'rd dinner time, an' I was very hungry, but there was a train just goin' to start, and I thought to myself it's no use wastin' time here, so I went into the refreshment-room an' bought a bun, an' as I was eatin' it 'ith train, I felt summat 'ard in my mouth, and I thou't to mysel' the folks that makes these buns dunna wash their curran's, an' when I put my fingers up to take it out of

my mouth, bless you it was th' stuff he had put in my teeth, and then they told me, as if I went to you, you could do it, and you con, con you?"

"Oh, yes!" I said, "I can manage that for you." As the old lady appeared so anxious and so determined to persevere, notwithstanding so many failures, I sympathised with her, and took great interest in her case, sparing no pains to accomplish a success. Having made the fillings required, I said, "There, ma'am, I think these will now stand." She then took hold of one of my arms, and addressed me in the following words, "Well, I've been in mony a crowd, and mony a a crowd; and I've seen mony a deevil, and mony a deevil: but I never met with such a pushing deevil as thee in a' my life!"

"Thank you, ma'am," I said: "then you think it will stick?"

"I'll up'aud it; I'll go bail for it!" And upon leaving put a fee into my hand three times what I should have charged, and then gave me

such a Lancashire shake of the hand that the gold coins almost cut my fingers.

In this instance the patient spoke in the dialect to which she was accustomed, and of which mine is a presumptuous and very feeble attempt to imitate.

So rich and quaint is the Lancashire dialect, the most literary and talented men occasionally avail themselves of it both for fiction and personal amusement, the many interesting tales that have been written prove the former, and the following incident will illustrate the latter.

A young lady being in a similar fix to the previous patient, accompanied by her brother and sister called upon me for professional assistance ; before this was rendered a consultation took place between the two, when it was agreed the brother should remain with the sister about to be operated upon, whilst the other should make a call and bring with her a friend who was to return with them on a visit.

The young man was not only a very handsome fellow, but his conversation and carriage showed that he was a gentleman accustomed to move in good society, and that his mind was as well stored as his body was well dressed. During the operation we talked upon various subjects, and from the topics he chose I felt that I was in the company of one who had studied and travelled much, and was acquainted with several languages and most of the sciences. The last tooth to be filled having a very open cavity required a large quantity of gold, and he, noticing that I introduced one piece after another for a considerable length of time, said, "That tooth seems to take a deal of gold."

"Yes," I replied, "it's like *Oliver Twist*, it asks for more?"

"I think it does," he said."

Presently before the filling was completed the sister returned with her young friend and enquired of me if I had not finished.

"Not quite," was my reply. When, no doubt,

thinking she might interrupt me by asking more questions she turned to her brother, and asked him "How long he thought I should be." You may guess my surprise when the man whose refined conversation I had been listening to gave the following answer in as broad Lancashire as I had ever heard spoken either in the factory or streets—

"A'w conna tell, our Sal's tooth's like Oliver Twist, it asks for more, and he's been feedin' it for the last half hour wi' gould, but, like a gawpin' sparrow, it's mouth's still open."

"Tom," said his sister, as if angry, but a subtle smile disarmed the anger of it's sting, and when he said, "Well, wat I tells you's true, ax him," the séance closed in a roar of laughter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING CAKE.

ONE fine morning I was called upon by Miss Mary Jones, and her cousin, from the neighbourhood of Llangollen. Had it not been for the decay and discolouration of her upper front teeth, my patient would, in every respect, have been a very handsome girl. She had dark hair, dark eyes, and, although a brunette, her complexion was exquisitely beautiful, and her high forehead gave dignity to a countenance instinct with intellectuality. The object of her visit was to have these discoloured dentals removed, and their place supplied with artificial ones. The preparatory operations were then made, and in due time the new ones were inserted. When the cousin saw the transformation, she lifted up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Mary, how well you look !

You will not be long in the market now, will she Mr. Snape ?”

To carry on the joke, I said, “ I think she will not,” and observed that if my teeth got her a good husband I should expect a piece of cake.

“ If they do,” she replied, “ you shall have the largest piece we send.” Such trifling talk often takes place, and is no more thought of, as was the case in this instance.

Two years had elapsed, when one morning a box was received containing a piece of bride cake weighing at least half a dozen pounds, covered with orange blossoms, among which lay the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Parry Griffiths. Who Mr. and Mrs. Parry Griffiths were I could form no idea. I wrote to several relatives and friends, but not one was able to give me any clue. Yet notwithstanding the mystery, pieces of the bride cake came up with every desert on Sundays for twelve or eighteen months., and when any friends happened to dine with us we invariably drank to

the health of the unknown bride and bridegroom. Months and years passed away, and with them the remembrance of the bride cake.

Seven or eight years must have elapsed since the cake was received, when one afternoon a lady and gentleman called to consult me about their little boy, who was rather more than six years of age, and was beginning to change his teeth. I soon allayed their anxiety by informing them that all was going on right. After a little further conversation the lady, whose countenance became animated, said, "Well, Mr. Snape, you got the cake?"

"The cake," I enquired, "what cake?" for it never entered into my head to think she could be enquiring after the cake which had for so long a time been disposed of and forgotten. "What cake?" I repeated.

"Why, did you not get it?" she enquired. "Don't you remember that I promised if your teeth got me a good husband, I would send you the largest piece?"

Instantly recollecting all about it, I exclaimed, "But you are not Miss Mary Jones?"

"No," she replied, "not now, thanks to your teeth, I am now Mrs. Parry Griffiths."

"But," I said, "I do not feel sure that I was really entitled to it."

"Oh, yes you were," and turning to her husband, said, "John, tell the Doctor all about it."

"Well, sir," he said, "we as children went to the same village school, and when not more than seven years old we were little sweethearts, although we did not know it. This kind of attachment continued until I was seventeen, when I was sent to America to an uncle who was settled there, and where I remained several years until I was taken into the firm as junior partner. During these years my little sweetheart was never out of my mind, and before settling down to take a very active part in the business, I determined to run over to Europe, and make her an offer of marriage if indeed she were still single. When I

arrived at home you may guess my disappointment when I could not find my little schoolfellow. The girl pointed out to me was so unlike the one I had left behind that she might have been a perfect stranger. No sooner, however, did I see her after she had the teeth you inserted, than I could doubt no longer. She was indeed the same girl I so long had waited for. Subsequently she told me of the promise she had made you, and that was how you got the cake we sent the day after we were married. When we sailed for New York everyone on board declared that I had run away with the pretty 'Maid of Llangollen.'" He then informed me they now resided in New York, and had only come over to England on a visit bringing with him their only child, a fine little fellow, whose teeth they wished me to examine. Mrs. Griffiths told me she was still wearing the the teeth I had inserted, and that she scarcely knew them from her own.

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE POWER OF A NEW BONNET.

AFTER commencing practice, one of my first patients was a newly married young lady, accompanied by her husband, a South American merchant. They were about to sail for Monte Video, the gentleman's friends never having seen his wife ; and she, wishing to be as presentable as possible when they first met, determined to have three upper incisors, which were discoloured by decay, removed, and replaced by artificial ones.

As little time could be given, and the root were free from inflammation, the crowns were excised and three mineral teeth mounted on gold were inserted, her appearance being greatly improved thereby. When about to declare her satisfaction at her improved looks, to her chagrin she found it impossible to utter a single sentence distinctly, expressed her fears that she would never be able to do

so, and dreaded lest her new relations should think it a natural impediment. I assured both herself and husband that time would enable her to overcome the difficulty. She appeared incredulous, and the husband seemed somewhat disappointed.

Taking him on one side, I told him this was a frequent occurrence, and that it would soon right itself. I advised him to take a stroll through the town, to show her anything he thought would interest her, not to ask any question or allude in any way to the annoyance, but to listen to any remarks she might make, answer all questions, and, as he noticed the improved accent, to make no comment.

He took my advice, and returned in a few hours with an amused and smiling expression. He assured me the difficulty had already been overcome.

"I am happy to tell you, sir," he said, "my wife has found her tongue."

I asked him, "Where?"

“ Under a new bonnet,” he answered. “ She saw in a shop window a bonnet that took her fancy so much, that forgetting her teeth were artificial, she expatiated upon its beauty and utility so eloquently, that I was induced to purchase and present it to her as a congratulatory benefaction on her restored enunciation.

Many years after this a gentleman brought a youth, the son of a friend residing in the country, to have some teeth replaced, which had been broken by a cricket ball. When they were inserted he experienced the same difficulty as the young wife. It occurred to me to tell them the previous story, at which they laughed heartily, and went away satisfied.

Some years after this, the same gentleman requiring my services, called upon me again. In the course of our conversation he said “ That tale you told me some time ago, enabled me to make a most successful experiment.”

“ What tale ?” I enquired, for I did not

remember either my patient or the tale he alluded to.

“Do you not remember,” he returned, “the day I brought young Master Smith, who had his teeth broken, to have some new ones inserted? Do you not recollect the story you told us, about the young married lady who found her tongue under a new bonnet, when the lad complained of his inability to articulate distinctly?”

“Oh, yes,” I said, “I remember now.”

“Well, sir, that was the tale that enabled me to make a most successful experiment, I will tell you how. The autumn after I was with you, my wife and I were undetermined where to spend our holiday. North and South Wales, Devonshire, Cornwall, the Cumberland lakes, the Scotch lakes, and the lakes of Killarney were all thought of, but as we were both in perfect health, what we wanted was recreation and amusement, rather than quiet. Paris was the place I thought of, and Paris was the place I knew my wife would like to go to.

I remembered, however, that, on a previous visit to the gay capital, I could not speak the language, and although my wife could do so fluently, she was too nervous to undertake the task ; I had, therefore, to engage a courier, who added considerably both to our expense and inconvenience. This was the only barrier to our taking this excursion. I told my wife that were I able to speak the language half as well as she could, we would go, but that I could not afford the expense of a courier again.

“ Well, rather than miss the trip,” she said, “ We must try and do without one.” So we started, and on our way stayed a day or two in London.

When walking up Regent Street she saw a bonnet in the shop window of a fashionable milliner, and as she wanted a bonnet, was very anxious to purchase it. Remembering the tale you told me of the power a new bonnet once had on the organs of speech, I persuaded her to put off the

purchase until we had been to Paris, as she might see something she liked better. The idea pleased her, and we continued our journey. We arrived in Paris just as it was getting dark, and amidst the noise and confusion at the railway terminus, my intended interpreter declared she could not speak a word. I managed, however, to secure the luggage, and give directions to the "cocher" where to drive to. After partaking of some refreshments, we talked over our future plans.

"The task she had undertaken," she said, "was too much for her, she could not speak to be understood." Of course I was very sorry, as we should have to return home immediately.

The next morning, after breakfast, we took a walk, and visited several places we had previously seen. In the course of our peregrinations we passed many very imposing millinery establishments, and at last my wife caught sight of a "perfect love" of a bonnet. I advised

her to go in and look at it, and ask the price. She did so, but from some cause or other unknown to me, it did not suit. This, however, was not the only bonnet we looked at, and talked about, too. At last an establishment was found where the bonnet was selected and eventually purchased, after a "vif" dialogue between the milliner and my wife, in the language of the country. I then said, laughingly, "Now we had better return home, for, since you cannot speak the language, and as I cannot afford an interpreter, there is nothing else for it."

You may easily guess we neither returned home until our holiday was up, nor had we to engage a courier.

Since that time we have had many trips across the Channel, and, thanks to your story, have never had occasion to employ an interpreter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE ME.

ONE day I was consulted by a lady whose age might be about fifty.

Her nasal intonation, not at all disagreeable, intimated without a doubt that her home was across the Atlantic. From her conversation it might be inferred that she was the wife of a sea captain. She was a tall, thin, woman with a pleasing and intelligent face, and a quizzically determined look.

“Doctor,” she said, “I’ve got a set of teeth I want to know—”

“Well, ma’am, what do you want to know?” I enquired.

“What do you think of them?”

“They appear to be very nice,” I said.

“Very nice,” she replied. “Yes, very nicely made. Now, Doctor, did you ever see an old

woman of my age with a set of teeth as white as these?"

"Some people like white teeth," was my reply.

"Now did you ever see a woman of my years with as white a set of teeth as these?"

"Had they been a shade darker," was my reply, "they would no doubt have looked more natural."

"Doctor, have you any darker?"

"Yes."

"Let me see them, then?"

I showed her a set a shade or two darker than those she was wearing, enquiring if she liked them. Placing them between her lips, and examining them very closely before the mirror, she exclaimed, "W'aal, that looks more like me," and enquired, "Can you not make me a set like these?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"W'aal, I have heard you well spoken of, so go to work, and take the models."

The models were taken, and in due time the

teeth were made. When they were inserted she went up to the glass, and said, "Ah, that's more like me!" and after admiring herself for some time, turned round and said, "Doctor, did you ever see an old woman of my age, who has had to make, mend, and do for five or six children for a dozen years or more, that didn't nip her teeth by biting thread?"

"I have known many ladies do it," I replied.

"Now, Doctor, don't you think that if you were to take a file and give those front teeth two or three nips, they would look more natural?"

"It would disfigure the teeth," I said.

"Never mind that," was the reply, "you just nip them."

After some hesitation her request was complied with, when she again turned to the glass, and exclaimed "That's more like me."

I then thought the climax was arrived at, but no! I was mistaken, for again she accosted me with, "Doctor, did you ever see an old woman of my age without any decayed teeth?"

“Some people’s teeth never decay,” I replied.

“W’aal,” she returned, “you never saw an old woman of my age, who had five children, that had not some bad teeth. Now, Doctor, don’t you think that if you made holes in the two front teeth, and stuffed them with gold, it would make them look more natural?”

“Well,” I replied, “were I to do so, the cost would be increased.”

“Never mind your charge, it’s no use spoiling a ship for a ha’porth of tar.”

So the holes were drilled, and the stopping inserted to her complete satisfaction. Taking another look in the glass, she finally remarked with great complacency, “Ah, that looks more like me !”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST.

IN bringing these reminiscences to a conclusion, the remembrance that the first incident recorded happened nearly half a century ago, set me thinking of the silent flight of time, and brought to my recollection that when quite a child I often used to look with wonder upon the figure of an old man with a scythe on the top of a clock that stood on my grandfather's mantle-piece; there being underneath the figure the motto *tempus fugit*, which at school I was taught to translate—"time flies." I now know that *tempus fugit* has other meanings, which very few of the young ever trouble themselves either properly to translate or understand, and so remain sceptics to its teachings. In the long summer days the motto is forgotten, although the old man with the scythe still marches on, and every

stride he takes obscures their brightness, and mows down their length. Time bursts the buds, paints the petals of the rose and other flowers with tints various and beautiful. When enjoying the beauty of such productions, so infinitely superior to anything that can be produced by art, we often forget that whilst he was busy adorning them so gorgeously, he was no less active in effecting their fading and falling away, and even the dissolution of the very framework upon which their glories were arranged. The scythe he carries has two edges, it cuts both ways. Time, however, is a good servant if we use him well, but mind, he must be used well, otherwise he becomes a relentless master. Those who properly use the advantages he gives, are carried upon his shoulders as triumphant conquerors ; those who abuse them he chains to his car, and drags them through life as slaves and prisoners. Of those who neither use nor abuse his gifts he takes no heed, but suffers them to rust out their existence.

Without partiality he deals out his favours to each and all according to their individual deserts.

Had many of us, now grown old, known him earlier, we certainly should have used him differently. Even now, we are oftentimes inclined to quarrel with him; but why do so? he will have his way in spite of all. Should we complain that our once bushy hair is less in quantity than heretofore, and changed in colour; that our whiskers which were wont to be so dark are now speckled with grey, that when we read we are obliged to hold the book further from our eyes than we were wont, he tells us that in exchange for our bushy hair he has given us power of brain, that the white hairs given to our whiskers were touches of experience, and that although the letters of the printed book appeared more confused than formerly, the book of Nature and of the human heart can be read with much more distinctness. He shows us, moreover, that what we had taken for buildings

firm as adamant were but feathery clouds. Time has also demonstrated to us that "genius without labour will come to nought," like "the talent hidden in a napkin;" "that labour even without genius will accomplish more than is at first conceivable, but that when they are both combined their power over everything mundane is perfectly irresistible." In saying adieu, the Author strongly advises his young readers to become good friends with the Old Man with the scythe in time, he himself having found that by so doing he is able to take the same interest in his profession, and the same pleasure in discharging its duties as at the commencement of his career.

FINIS.

